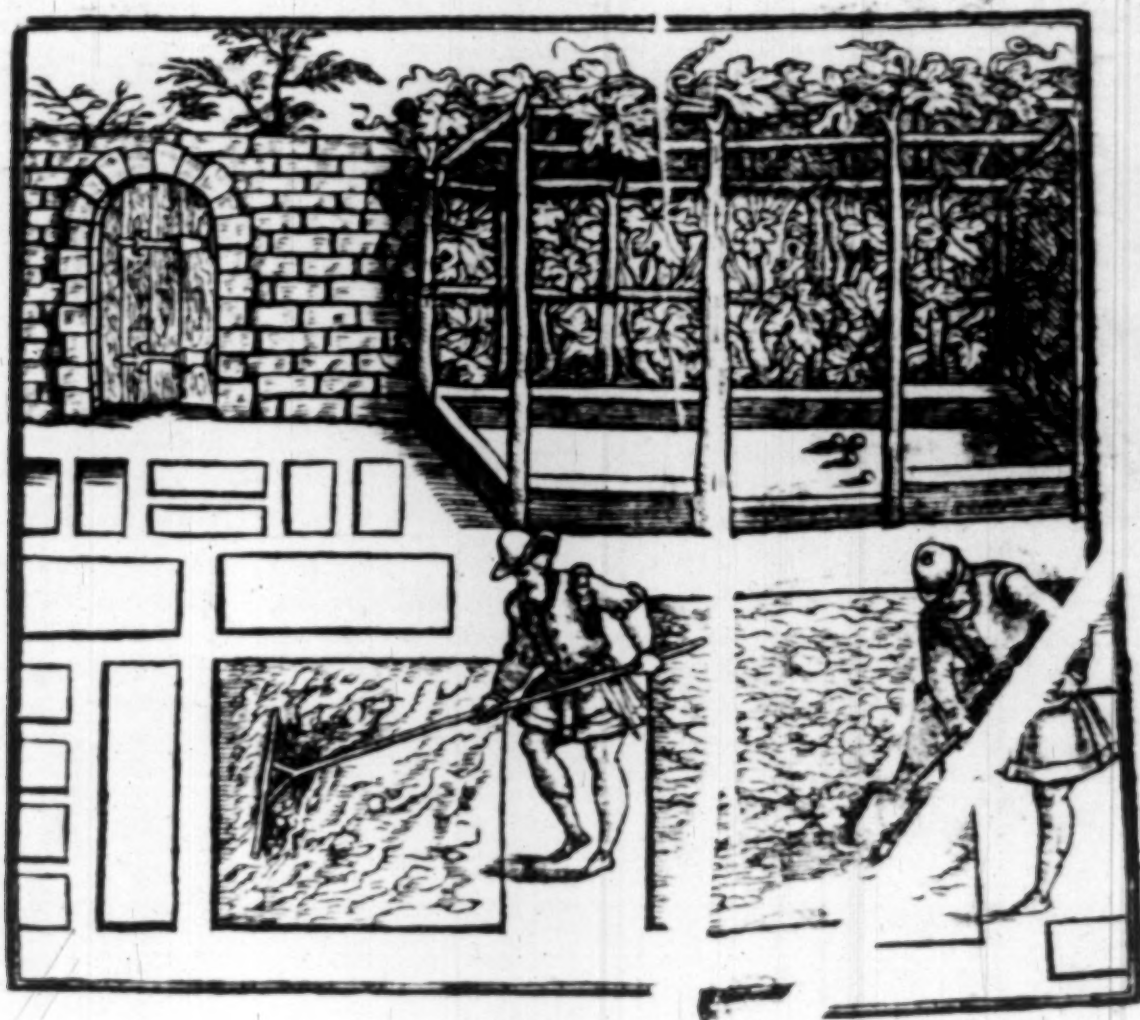


THE Muses Garden for Delights,

Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the
Base-vyoll, and the Voyce.

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

Quæ profunt singula, multa iuuant.



LONDC
Printed by the Assignes of ^NWilliam Barley. 1610.



TO THE TRVE HONOVABLE,
AND ESTEEMED WORTHIE, THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFULL THE
LADY WROTH.



Oft Honoured Lady, my eldest and first issue, hauing thriu'd so well vnder the protection of your Right Honourable Father, blame not this my yongest and last Babe, if it desirously seeke Sanctuarie with your selfe, as being a most worthy branch from so Noble and renowned a stocke: It is hereditarie to your whole house, not onely to be truly Honourable in your selues, but to be the fauourers and furtherers of all honest and vertuous endeouours in others. And that makes me so farre daring, as to presume to offer this Dedication to your faire acceptance; And howsoever my defects therein may happily (or rather vnliappily) be many: Yet am I most confident (and that growes from the worthinesse of your owne nature) that your Honourable minde will be pleased (since it casts it selfe most humbly in your armes) to giue it willing entertainment, and to countenance it with the faire Liuerie of your noble Name, It may bee slighted in respect of its owne vlew, but your fauourable acceptance, will both grace it, and my selfe, as a poore Table hung vp, euen in Princes Gallories, not for the Wood, but for the Picture,
And so (Noble Lady) not daring to bee iealous of your Honourable entertainment, I rest

Your Ladyship deuoted in all dutie,

ROBERT IONES.



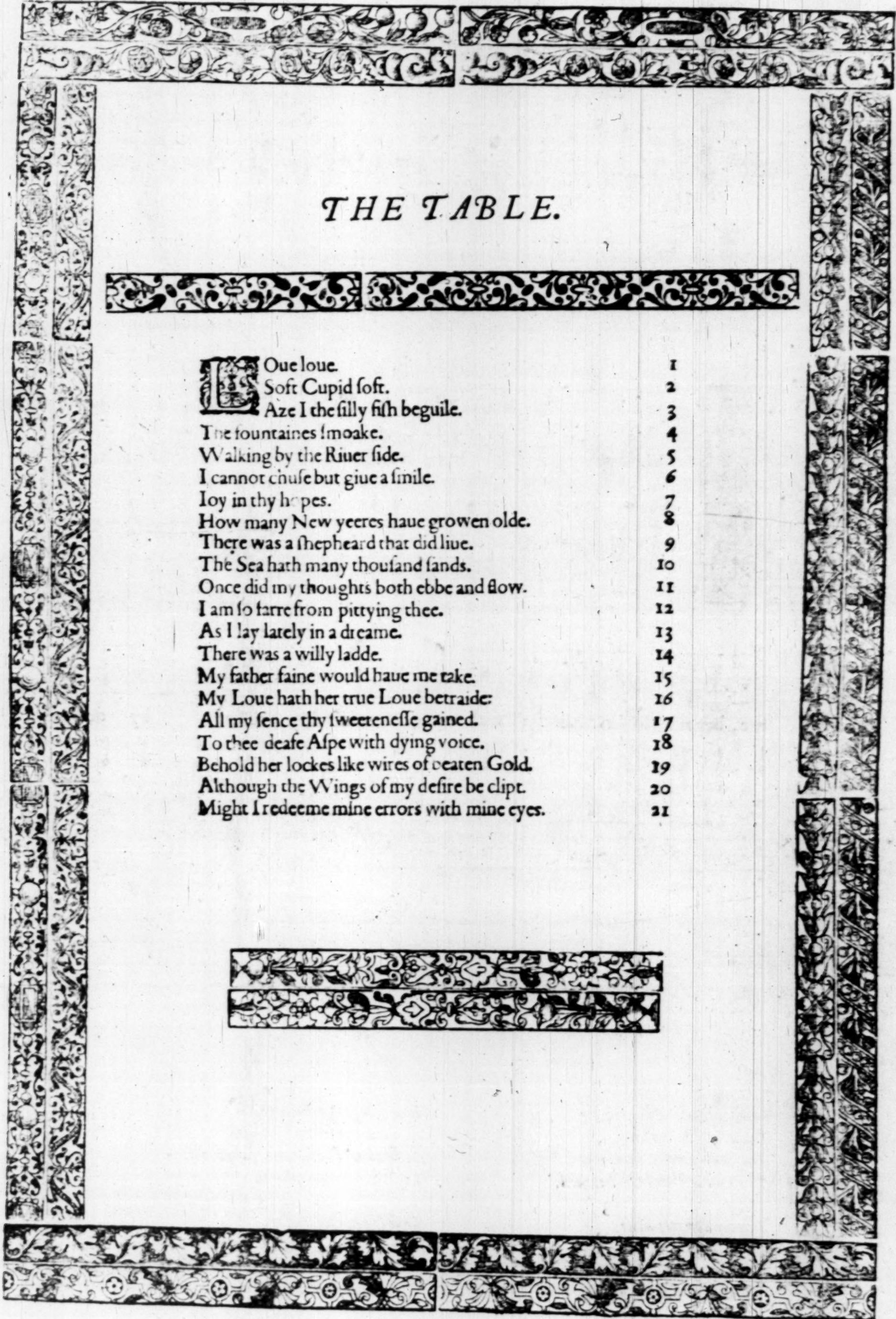
✿ To the friendly Censurers.



Eare friends, for so I call you, if you please to accept my good meaning, I presented you last with a Dreame, in which I doubt not, but your fantasies haue receiued some reasonable contentment, and now if you please to bee awaked out of that Dreame, I shall for your recreation and refreshing, guide you to the *MUSES GARDEN*, where you shall find such varietie of delights, that questionlesse you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden, you shall meete with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, set forth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midst of it, you shall find Loue reiected, upon inconstancie and hard measure of ingratitude: Touching them that are louers, I leaue them to their owne censure in Loues description. And now for the end, it is variable in another maner, for the delight of the eare to satisfie opinion. I am not so arrogant to commend mine owne gifts, neither yet so degenerate, as to beg your tolleration. If these delights of Flowers, or varietie of Fruites, may any wayes be pleasing to your senses, I shall be glad. Otherwise I will vow neuer to set, sow, plant or graft, and my labours henceforth shall cease to trouble you, if you will needs mislike, I care not. I will preuent your censures, and defie your malice, if you despise me, I am resolute, if you vse me with respect, I bid you most heartily

Farewell.


R. I.



THE TABLE.

Loue loue.
Soft Cupid soft.
Aze I the filly fish beguile.
The fountaines lmoake.
Walking by the Riuer side.
I cannot chuse but giue a sinile.
Ioy in thy hopes.
How many New yeeres haue grown olde.
There was a shepheard that did liue.
The Sea hath many thousand sands.
Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flow.
I am so farre from pittying thee.
As I lay lately in a dreame.
There was a willy ladde.
My father faine would haue me take.
My Loue hath her true Loue betraide:
All my sence thy sweetenesse gained.
To thee deafe Aspe with dying voice.
Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold.
Although the Wings of my desire be clipt.
Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes.

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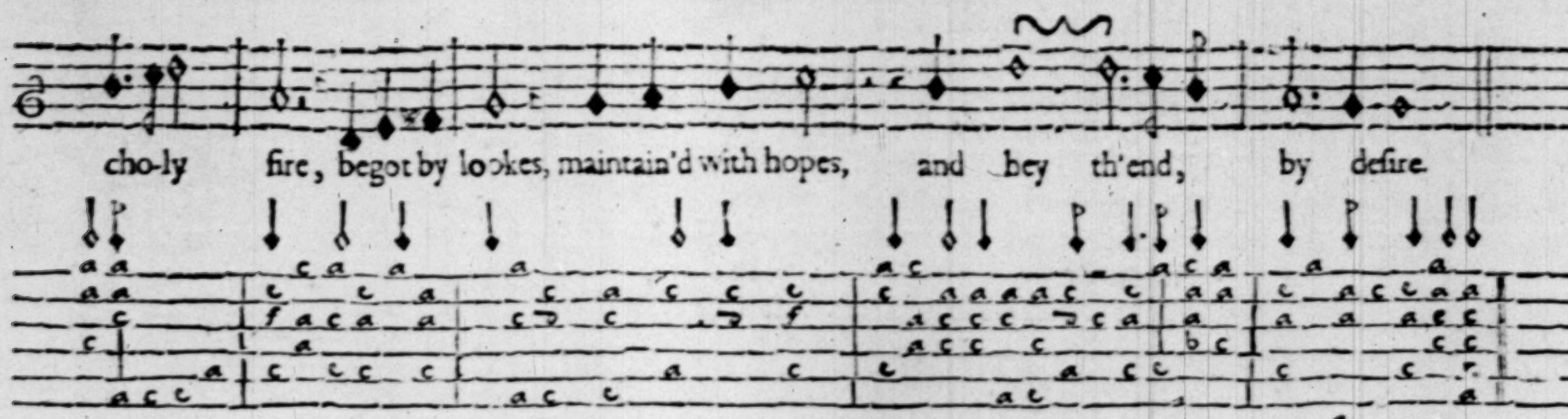




CANTUS.

1.

ROBERT IONES.



2
Loue is a pretie Tyrant,
By our affections armed,
Take them away, none lues this day,
The Coward boy hath harmed.

3
Loue is a pretie Idole,
Opinion did deuiſe him,
His votaries is slouth and lies,
The Robes that doe diſguiſe him.

6
Loue is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quiole it keeper,
With thouſand eyes of ſealouſies,
Yet no one euer ſleeper.

4
Loue is a pretie Painter,
And counterfeitteth paſſion,
His ſhadow d lies, makes fanſies riſe,
To ſet beleeſe in faſhion.

5
Loue is a pretie Pedler,
Whoſe Packe is fraught with ſorowes,
With doubts with feares, with ſighs with teares,
Some ioyes, but thoſe he borrowes.



BASSES.

Off Cupid.

CANTUS.

II.

ROBERT IONES.



Soft Cupid loft, ij. There is no haste, For all vnkindnesse gone and

past. Since thou wilt needs forsake me so, let vs parte friendes, ij. be-fore thou goe.



2
Still shalt thou haue my heart to use,
When I cannot otherwise chuse,
My life thou mayst command Saunce doubt,
Command I say and goe with out.

3
And if that I doe euer proue,
False and vnkind to gentle Loue,
Ile not desire to liue a day,
Nor any longer then I may.

4
Ile daily blesse the little God,
But not without a smarting rod,
Wilt thou still vnkindly leaue mee,
Now I pray God all ill goe with thee.

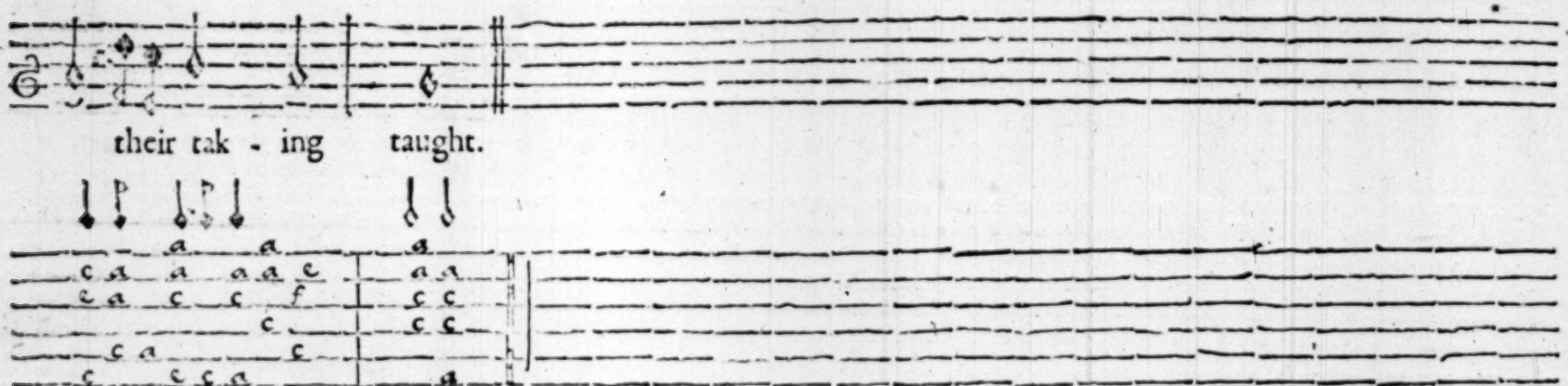
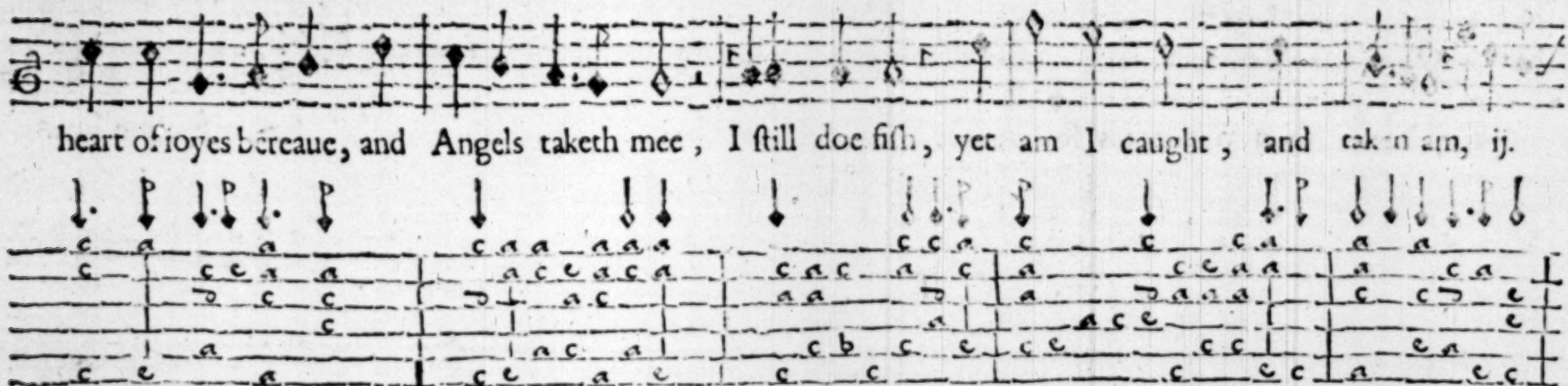




CANTVS.

III.

ROBERT IONES.



2
The Riuer wherein I doe swimme,
O' streames of hope is made,
where ioyes as flowers dresse the brimme,
And frownes doe make my shade.
whence smiles as sun-shine giues me heat,
And shadow frownes from showers beat.

3
Thus taken like an enuious one,
who glads for others care,
Since he himselfe must feele such mone,
Delights, all, so should fare,
And strue to make them know like smart,
So make i this to beare apart.

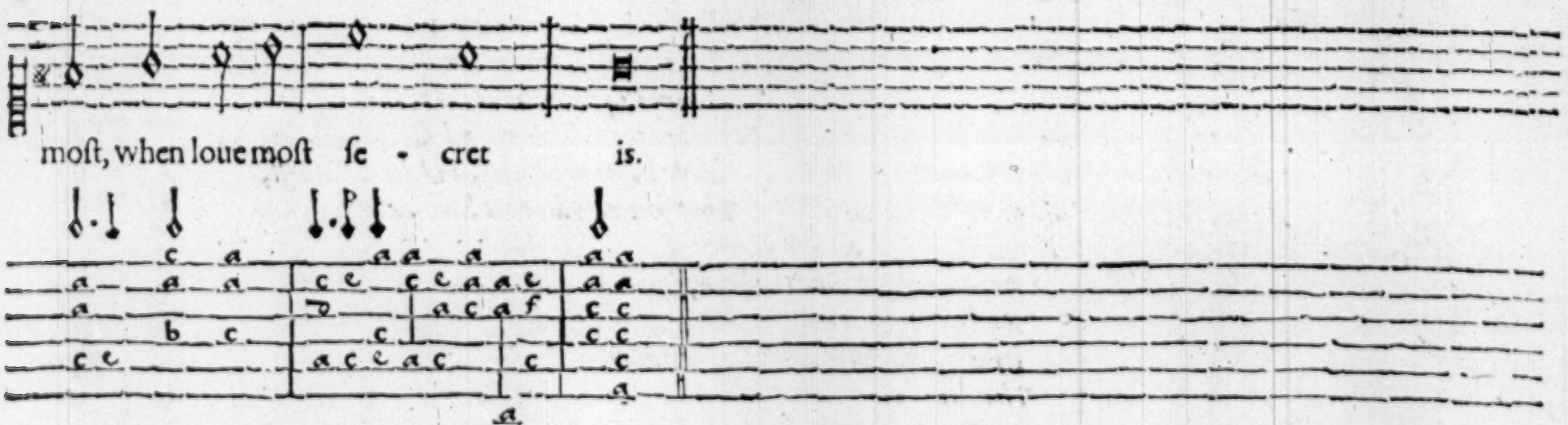
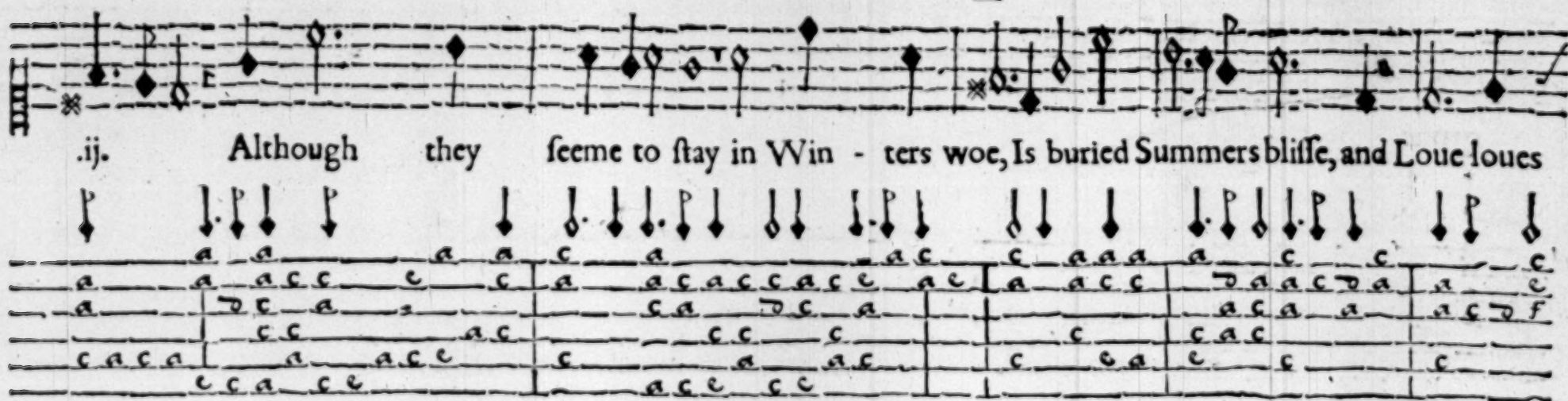
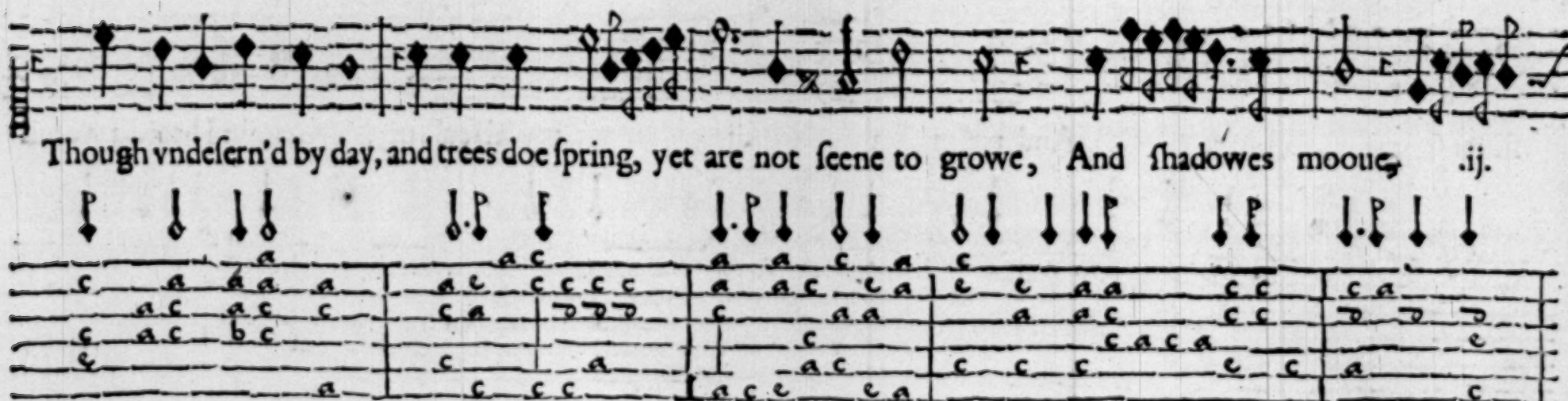
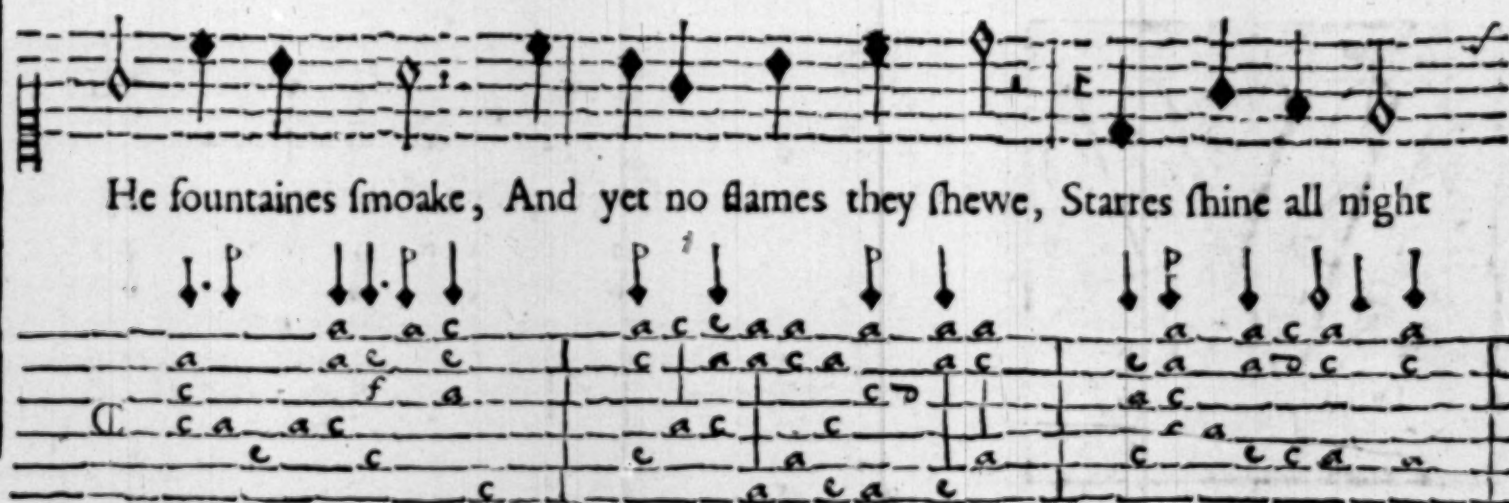




CANTVS.

IIII.

ROBERT IONES.



The stillest streames defies the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subiect to a shower,
Conceits most sweete, when as it seems to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower,
The silent Groves sweete Nymphs they cannot misse,
For loue loues most, where loue most secret is.

The rarest Jewels, hidden vertue yeeld,
The sweetest of traffique, is a secret gaine,
The yeere once old doth shew a barren field,
And Plants seeme dead, and yet they spring againe,
Cupid is blind, the reason why, is this,
Loue loueth most, where loue most secret is.

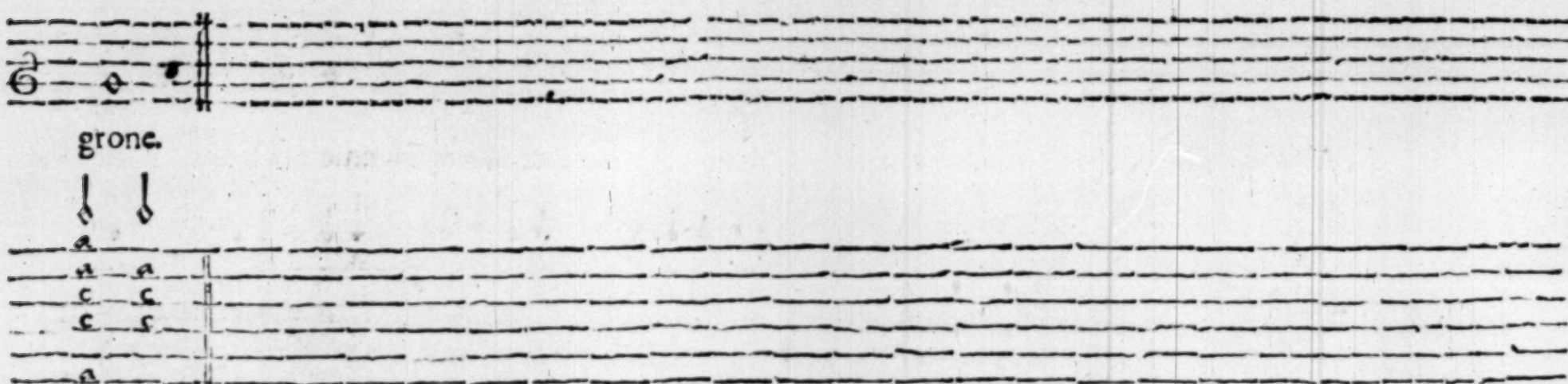
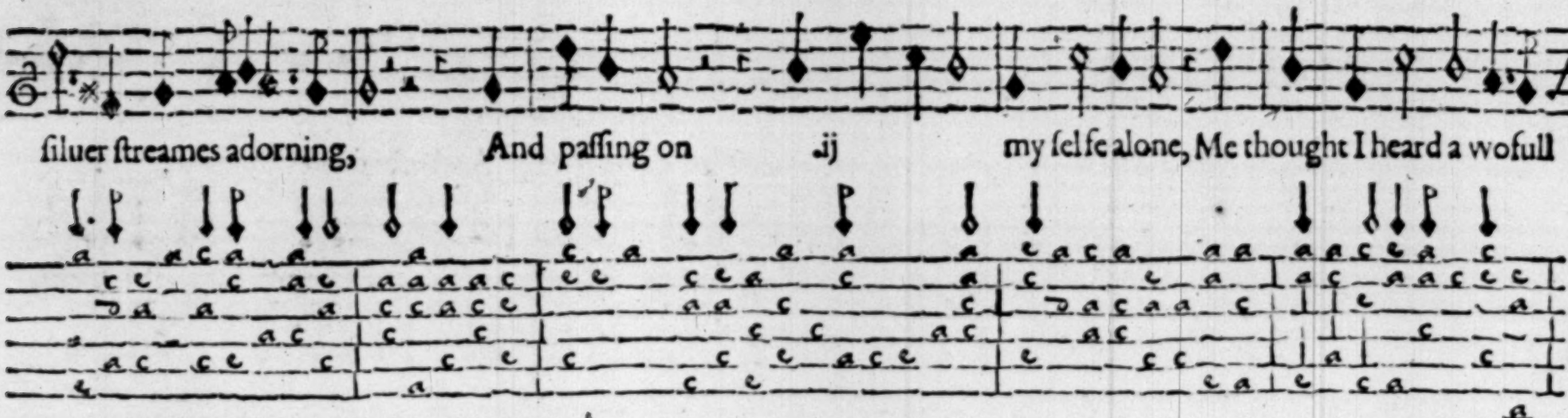




CANTUS.

V.

ROBERT IONES.



2
Still I stood as one amaz'd,
To heare this wofull crying,
Round about me then I gaz'd,
In euery Meddow prying.
Yet could I not this wight surprise,
Although the voice did pierce the skies.

3
Venus thou hast kild my heart,
And quite my soule confounded,
Thy sonne Cupid with his dart,
My vitall parts hath wounded,
Shoote home proud boy, and doe thy worst,
That shée may die that liues accurst.

4
Draw thy shaft vnto the head,
And strongly it deliuer,
Draw that thou mayst strike her dead,
That liues a hopelesse Lower,
Let come blind boy to satisfie,
His mind that most desire to dies.



CANTUS.

VI.

ROBERT IONES.

Cannot

BASSES.

CANTUS.

VI.

ROBERT IONES.

Cannot chuse but giue a smile, To see how Loue doeth all be- guile, Ex-

cept it bee my frozen heart, That yeeldes not to his fie - rie Dart.

2
Belike I was Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
My flesh it feares no push of pike,
The speare against me doth no good.

3
Onely my heele may Cupid hit,
And yet I care not much for it,
Because the hurt I cannot feele,
Vnlesse my heart were in my heele.

The Answer.

1
I cannot chuse but needes must smile,
To see how Loue doth thee beguile,
which did of purpose frieze thy heart,
To thaw it to thy greater smart.

2
Suppose thou wert Achillis like.
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
That might auale gainst pusho pike,
But gainst his dart i will doe no good.

3
For if thy heele he doe but hit,
His venom'd shaft will rancle it,
The force whereof the heart must feele,
Conuaide by Arteryes from thy heele.

Oye in the.

BASS V.S.

CANTVS.

VII.

ROBERT IONES.



Oye in thy hope, the earnest of thy Loue, For so thou mayst En-

ioye thy hearts desire True hopes, things absent doe as present prooue, And keepe aliue,

.ij. Loues still re - newing fire.



But of thy hope let silence be thy tongue,
And secrecie the heart of louing fire,
For hopes reuealed may thy hopes prolong,
Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

3

Sweete are those hopes that doe them selues enjoy,
As vowed to them selues to liue and Dey,
Sweetest those ioyes and freest from annoy,
That waken not the eye of sealousie.

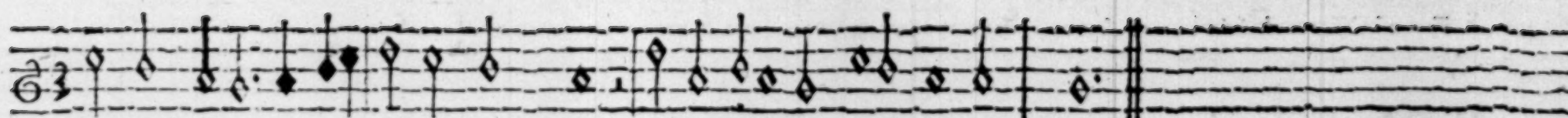




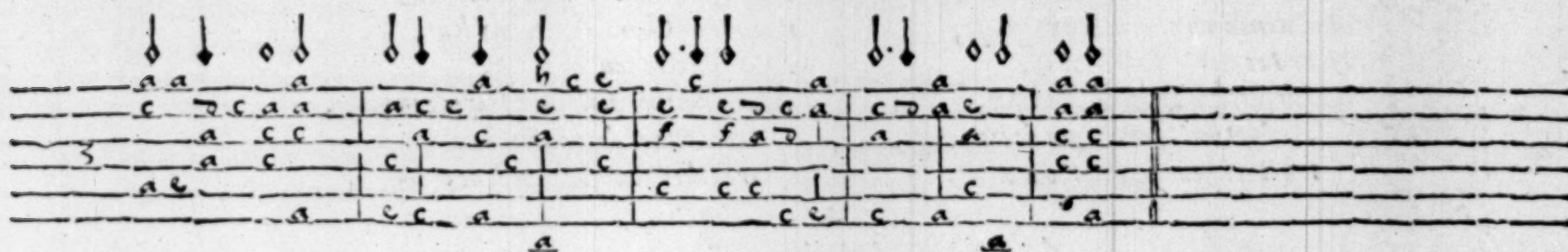
L'ENVOY.

L'ENVOY.

*Thy loue is not thy loue, if not thine owne,
And so it is not, if it once be knowne.*



Thy loue is not thy loue, if not thine owne, and so it is not, if it once bee knowen.



Ow many.

BASS.

CANTVS.

VIII.

ROBERT IONES.

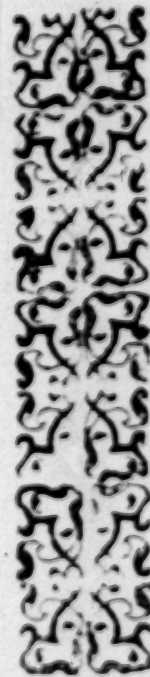
Ow many new yer'es haue grow'n old, Since first your seruant old was new,
How many long howers haue I told, Since first my loue was vow'd to you, And yet a - las, .ij.
Shee doeth not know whether her seruant. loue or no.



2
How many wals. as white as Snow,
And windowes cleere as any glasse,
Haue I conur'd to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed to us,
And yet you'l sweare you do not know,
Whether your seruant loue or no.

3
How often hath my pale leane face,
With true Characters of my loue,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor teares can moue,
O cruell yet doe you not know,
Whether your seruant loue or no?

4
And wanting of a better token,
I haue beene faine to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
Nor can you healt by any art,
O looke upon't and you shall know,
Whether your seruant loue or no.



15

HEC WAS

BASS S.

CANTUS.

IX.

ROBERT IONES.



Here was a Shepheard that did liue , And helde his thoughtes as hie

As were the Mounts, whereon his flockes did houely feede him by. He from his youth, his tender

youth, which was vnapt to keepe, Or hopes , or feares, or loues, or cares, or thoughtes but of his heepe



2
Did with his dogge as Shepheards doe,
For Shepheards wanting wit,
Deu (e some sports, though foolish sports,
Yet sports for Shepheards fit,
The boy that (yet) was but a boy,
And so de sir's were hid,
Did grow a man, and men mu? loue,
And loue this Shepheard aid.

3
He loued much, none can too much
Loue one so high distuep
As but her selfe, none but her selfe,
So faire, so fresh, so fine,
He vowed by his Shepheards weede,
An Oath which Shepheards keepe,
That he would follow Phillis day,
Before a flocke of sheepe.



He Sea hath.

BASS

CANTUS.

X.

ROBERT IONES.

He Sea hath many thousand sands, The Sunne hath motes as many, The skie is full of starres, And loue as full of wotes as an - ny, Belceue me .ij. .ij. that doe knowe the elfe, and make no tryall by thy selfe.



2
It is in trueth a prettie toye,
For babes to play withall,
But O the honies of our youth,
Are oft our ages gall,
Selfe prooffe in time will make thee know,
He was a Prophet told thee so.

3
A Prophet that Cassandra like,
Tels trueth without belife,
For head-strong youth will runne his race,
Although his Goale be grieffe,
Loves Martyr when his heate is past,
Prooves cares Confessor at the last.



17

Nce did my.

BASS V. S.

ANTV. S.

XI

ROBERT IONES.

Nce did my thoughts both ebbe and flowe, As pa - fsi - on did them mooue,

Once did I hope, .ij. straight feare againe, And then .ij. .ij. .ij. .ij. I was in Loue.



2
Once did I waking spend the night,
And told how many minutes mooue,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in loue.

3
Once by my caruing true lones knot,
The weeping trees did proue,
That wounds and teares were both our loss,
And then I was in loue.

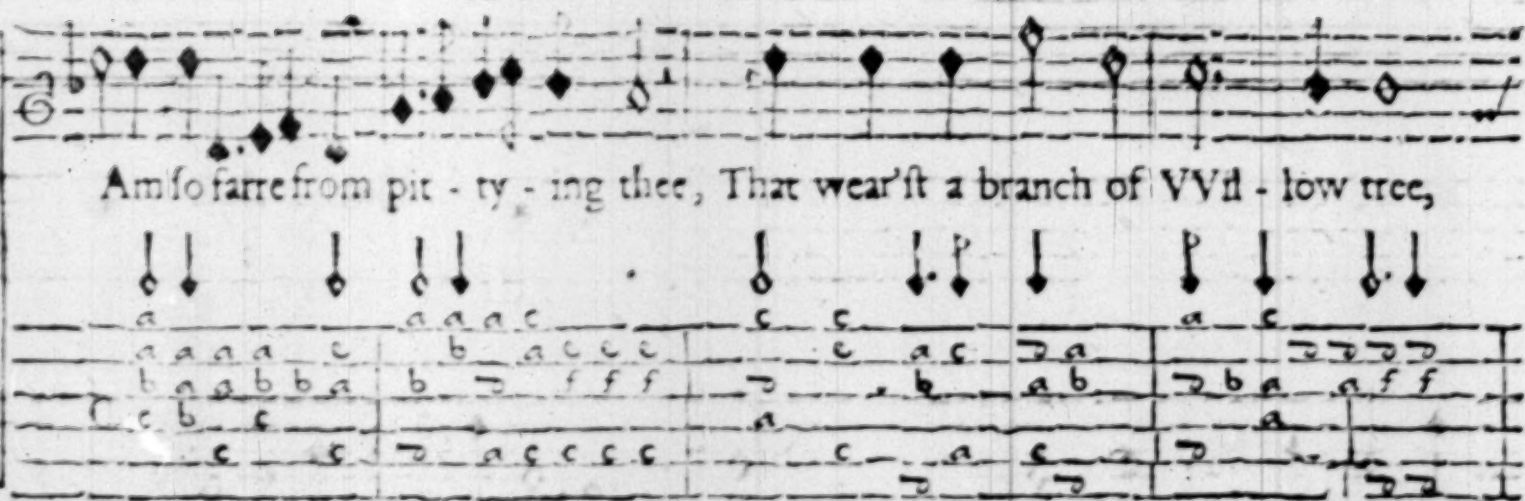
4
Once did I breath an others breath,
And in my mistris moue,
Once was I not mine owne at all,
And then I was in loue.

5
Once woare I bracelets made of hayre,
And collers did aproue,
Once were my clothes made out of waxe,
And then I was in loue.

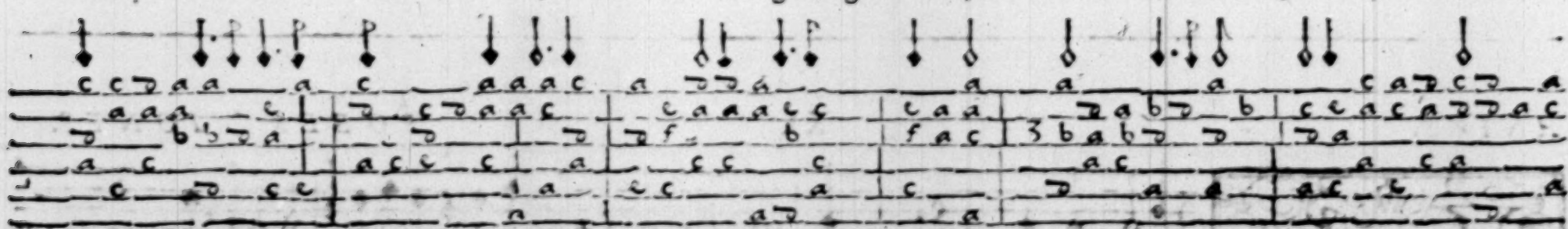
6
Once did I Sonnet to my Saint,
My soule in number mou'd,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then in tructh I lou'd.

7
Once in my eare did dangling hang,
A little turtle Done,
Once in a word I was a spole,
And then I was in loue.

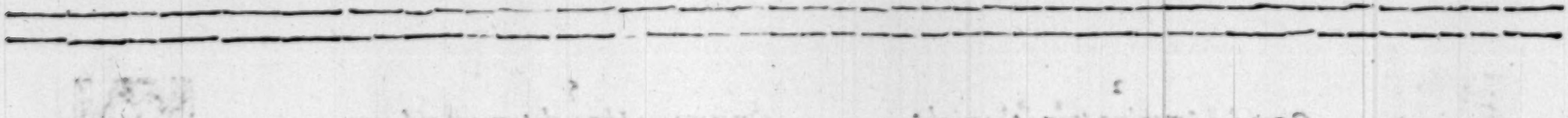
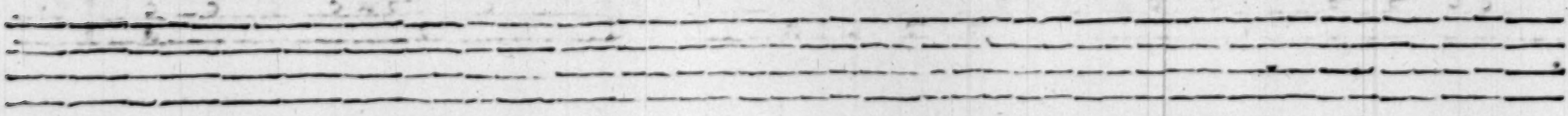
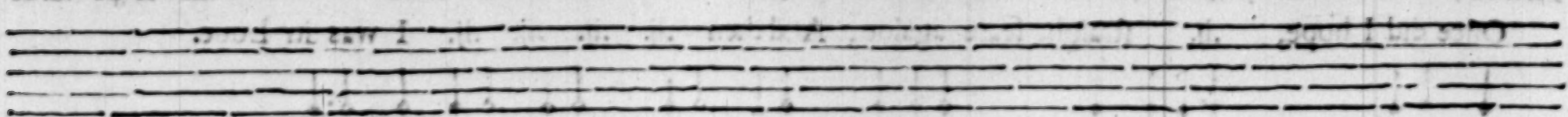




That I doe en - uie thee, and all, that once was high & got a fall, O willow willow willo, ij.



ij. O ij. Willo willo tree I would thou didst be - long to mee.



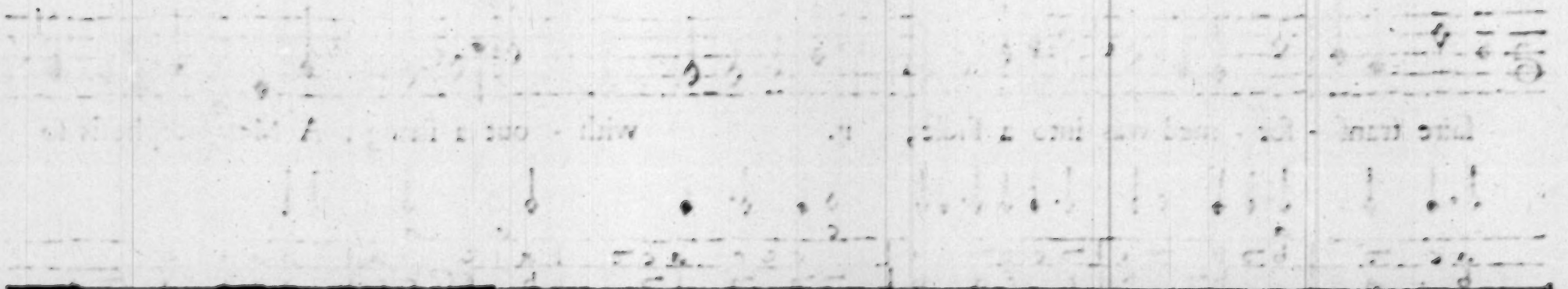
Thy wearing willow doth imply,
That thou art happier farre then I,
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,
Though now thou wear'st the willow tree,
O willow willow sweete willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow.

I doe defie both bough and roote,
And all the friends of hell to boote,
One houre of Paradised ioye,
Makes Purgatorie seeme a toye,
O willow willow doe thy worst,
Thou canst not make me more accurst.

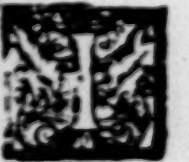
I haue spent all my golden time,
In writing many a louing rime,
I haue consumed all my youth,
In vowing of my faith and truth:
O willow willow willow tree,
Yet can I not beleeued bee.

And now alas it is too late,
Gray hayres the messenger of fate,
Bids me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loueth yong men best,
O willow willo I must die,
Thy seruants happier farre then I.





Amlofure.



BASSVS.



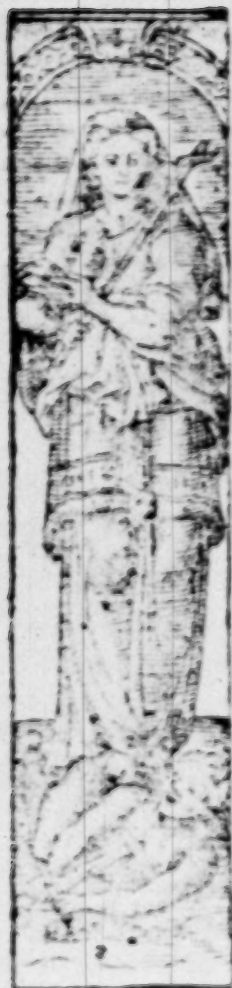
S I lay lately in a dreame, me thought I saw a wonderous thing, a woman

faire transf - for - med was into a Fidle, .ij. with - out a string, A Metamorphosis so

rare, as all most made mee wake for feare, O this is rare, yea verie verie rare, yea .ij. .ij.

A won - derous thing so faire a Fidle .ij. .ij. Didle, didle didle, .ij. .ij.

a fidle didle, .ij. .ij. So faire a Fidle should want a string.



2
Till honest neighbours dwelling nigh,
Said they would all her wants supply,
And said that they haue strings in store,
For such a Fidle and fortie more,
For loue they beare unto the sport,
Theyle make her fit for the consort.
O this is rare,
Yea, very rare.

3
Theyle send her first to some that can,
Put in the peg, and peg her than,
If that her bridge be broken so,
As that the Fidle cannot go,
Theyle soone deuise some other way,
To make her sound the round-delay.
O this is rare,
Yea very rare.

4
When they haue set her in the keye,
You must not straine her strings so high,
For feare the Fidle chance to crake,
Nor let the strings be too too slacke,
The Diapason is her sound,
The lowest note is most profound.
O this is rare,
Yea very rare.

5
But note a discord in Musicke,
To sound some Note without the pricke,
And then for keeping of your moode,
Sing three to one thats passing good,
Of all the Notes in Gammet scale,
The Long is that which must not faile.
O this is rare,
Yea very rare,





Here was a wily.



BASS.



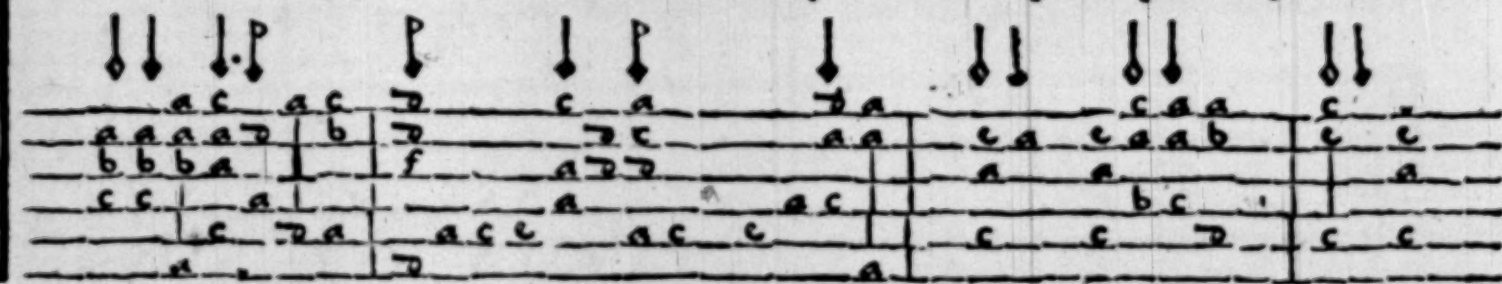
CANTUS.

XIIII.

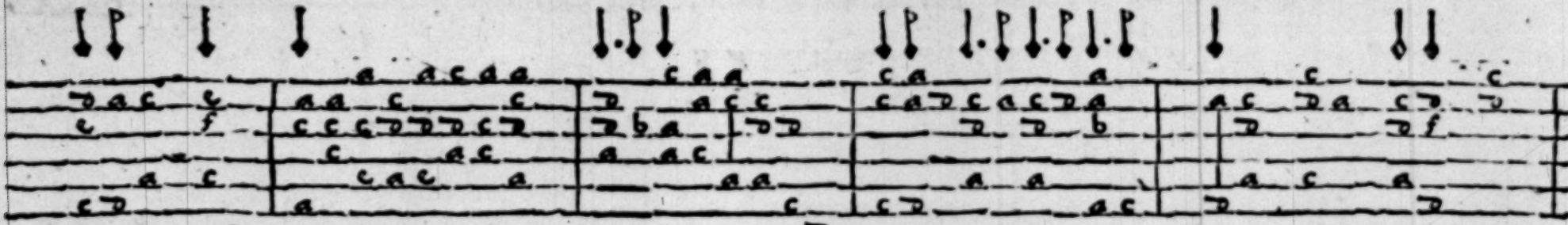
ROBERT IONES.



Here was a wily ladde, met with a bonny lasse, much pretie sport they had, but I



wot not what it was, hee wooed her for a kisse, She plainly said him no, I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth



Shée, nay, nay, quoth shée, I pray you let mee goe.



2
Full many lonely tearms did passe in merrie glee,
He cold her in his armes, and daunc't her on his knee,
And faine he would haue paide such debts as he did owe,
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shée,
I pray you let me goe.

4
For Cupid hath an eye, to play a louters part,
And swift his arrowes flie to leauell at the heart,
Thy beautie was my bane, that brought me to his bowe,
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shée,
I pray you let me goe.

3
Sweete be you not so nice to gratifie a friend,
If kissing be a vice, my sute is at an end,
Noe noe it is the rule, to learne a man to woe,
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shée,
I pray you let me goe.

5
Good Sir alas you feede your fancie with conceit,
Sweete sweet how should we speede, if louters could not speake,
I speake but what I wissh, the spirit wils me so,
I pray quoth he, nay ny quoth shée,
I pray you let me goe.

6
with that shée swore an Oath, and loth she was to breake it,
And so to please them both, he gaue and shée did take it,
There was no labour lost, true amitie to show,
Adew quoth he, nay, stay quoth shée,
Let's kisse before you goe.

Y father faine.

BASS S.

CANTVS. XV. ROBERT IONES.

MY father faine would haue mee take a man that hath a beard, my mother shee cries
out a - lacke, and makes mee much afraide, for - sooth I am not olde enough, nowe surely this is goodly stuffe,
Faith let my mother marrie mee, or let some young man bu - rie mee.



2
For I haue liu'd these fourteene yeeres,
My mother knowes it well,
What needs shee then to cast such feares,
Can any body tell?
As though yong women doe not know,
That custome will not let them wo,
I would bee glad if I might chuse,
But I were maade if I refuse.

3
My mother bids me goe to Schoole,
And learne to doe some good,
T'were well if shee would let the foole,
Come home and sucke a duggie,
As if my father knew not yet,
That maidens are for yong men fit,
Giue me my mind and let me wed,
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

4
How soone my mother hath forgot,
That euer shee was yong,
And how that shee denyed not,
But sung another song,
I must not speake what I doe thinke,
When I am drie I may not drinke.
Though her desire be now growen old,
She must haue fier when shee is co'd.

5
You see the mother lowes the sonne,
The father lowes the maide,
What would shee haue me be a Nun?
I will not be delaide,
I will not liue thus idle still,
My mother shall not haue her will,
My father speaketh like a man,
I will be married doe what shee can.



Y loue hath.

BASS V.

CANTUS.

XVI.

ROBERT IONES.



Y loue hath her true loue betraide, Why tis a fault that is to common

yet shall it not be e - ver faide, my faith depended on a woman, If shee did, .ij. .ij.

to prooue vn - true, I shall doe worfe, .ij. to change for new.

2
 Che hath some vertues followe them,
 Take not example by her lightnesse,
 Be not amongst the vulgar men.
 Though she be clouded, keepe thy brightnesse:
 Perhaps her selfe in time may prooue,
 What tis to wrong a constant loue

3
 The many vowes giuen by my faire,
 Were none of hers: the wind did owe them,
 Then weare they breath. now are they ayre.
 Whence first they came, there she bestowes them.
 Then maruell not thou women alter,
 When all things turne to their first matter,



CANTUS.

XVII.

ROBERT IONES.



Ll my sense thy sweete - nesse gained, Thy faire hayre my heart enchained. Fa, la, la,
My poore reason thy wordes mooued, So that thee like like heauen I loued.

(Musical notation with lyrics and a large initial 'A' on the left)

lire deridan, Fa, la, la, le-ri - dan, ij. ij.

(Musical notation with lyrics and a large initial 'A' on the left)

Fa, la, la, lerideridanc, lerideri dan leri - dan dei,

(Musical notation with lyrics and a large initial 'A' on the left)

while to my minde the out - side stooed, for messenger of inward good.

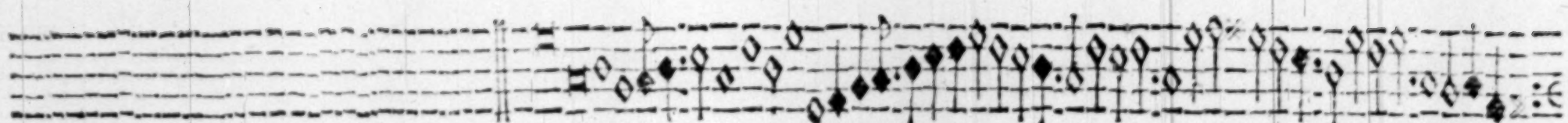
(Musical notation with lyrics and a large initial 'A' on the left)

Now thy sweetnesse soure is deemed,
Thy hayre not worth a hayre esteemed,
While to my minde the outside stooed,
Finding that, but words they proou'd,
Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan.
For no faire Signe can credit winne,
If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be sorie,
Use thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames anasle thee,
Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan :
Lay not thy colours more to viewe,
Without the Picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas shee weepeth,
Foole in me, wh it folly creepeth.
Was I to blasphemie enraged,
Where my soule I haue engaged,
Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan,
And wretched I must yeeld to this
The fault I blame her chastnesse.

Sweetnesse sweetely pardon folly,
Tve my hayre your captiue folly,
Words O words of beaunty knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge,
Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan,
And all my life I will confesse,
The lesse I lone, I lue the lesse.



O the deafe

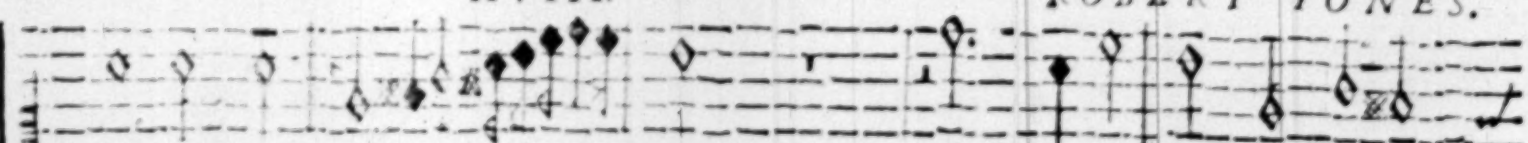


BASS V.S.

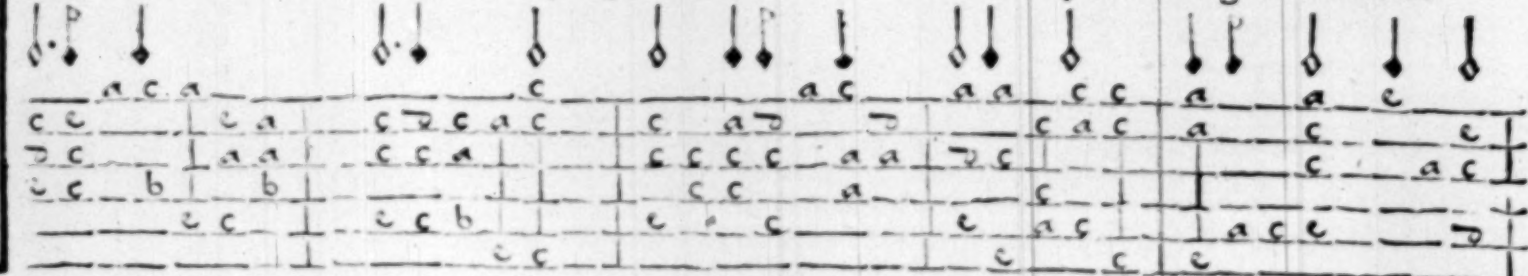
CANTUS.

XVIII.

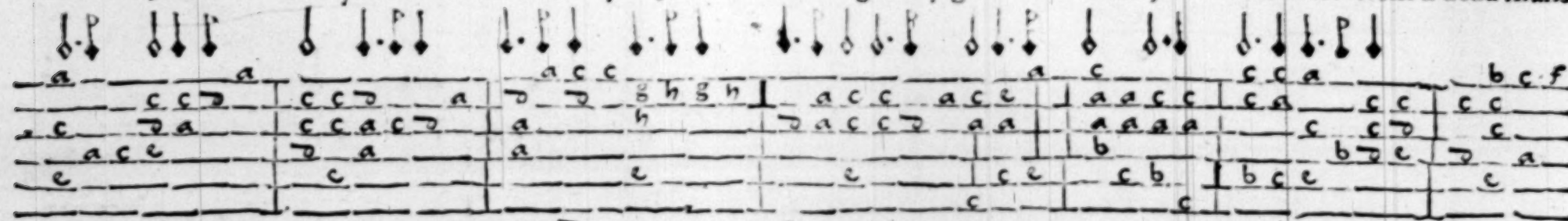
ROBERT IONES.



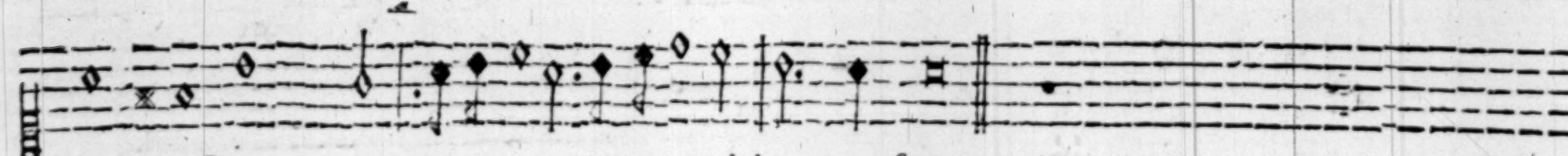
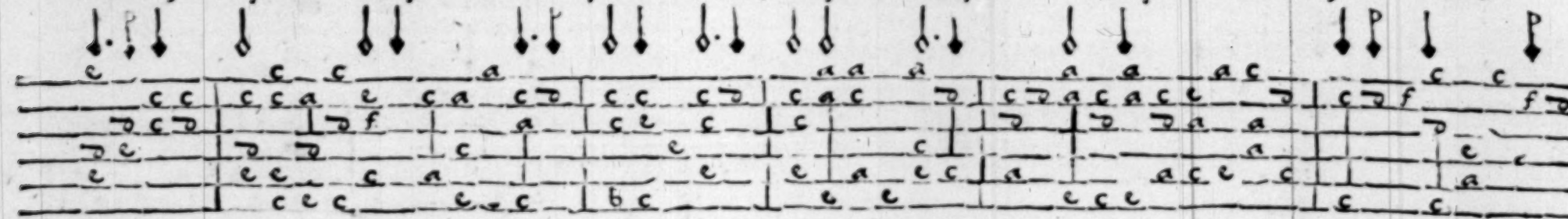
O the deafe Aspe with dying voice, Sad - ly I Sing this heauie



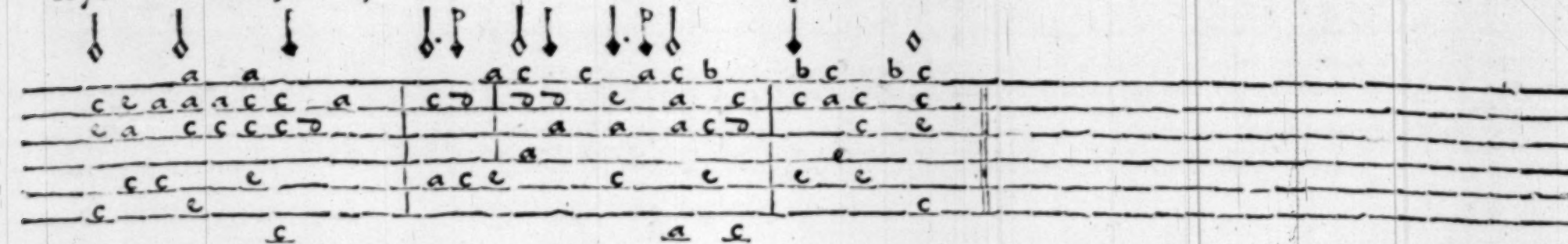
charme, that if thy heart doe ere reioyce, and set at nought my grieuous harme, this verse writ with a dead mans



arme, may haunt thy senselesse eyes and eares, may haunt thy senselesse eyes and eares, turne



ioyes to Cares, .ij. and hopes to feares.



By thy Creators pietie,
By her that brought thee to this light,
By thy deare Nurfes loue to thee,
By Loue it selfe, Heauens, Day and Night,
By all that can thy sense delight,
When I am cold, and wrapt in Lead,
Remember oft thy seruant dead.

So shall my shadow thee attend,
Like calmest breath of Westerne wind,
If not: with groxes it shall ascend,
Like Rauens, Owle, Beare, or bellish feind,
Ratling the chaines which doe it bind,
And where thou art by silent night,
It shall thy guiltie soule affright.

Yet Sea-men tost with stormie Wind,
Voide of all hope, resolu'd to die,
From powerfull heauens oft mercie find,
And so may I find grace with thee,
No, no, thou canst not pite me,
Aspes cannot heare, nor line can I,
Thou hearest not, vnheard I die.



Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The bottom staff is labeled "BASSVS." and features a large, ornate initial "B" at the end. Above the bottom staff, the text "Ehold her lockes." is written.

CANTVS.

XIX.

ROBERT IONES.



Handwritten musical notation for the Cantus section, featuring a large ornate initial "B". The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics. The text is: "Ehold her locks like wyers of beaten gold, her eyes like stars that twinkle in the skie, Her heauenly face, her heauenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold, her voice that sounds the heauens melody, the miracles of time, of time, the worldes storie, Fortunes Queene, Loue treasure, Natures glorie."



No flattering hopes like blind Fortunes baite,
Nor pleasures of delight, fond fancies glasse,
Nor charmes that doe enchant, false Arts deceit,

Nor fading ioyes, which time makes swiftly passe,
But chaste desires, which beateeth all these downe,
A Goddesse looke is worth a Monarches Crowne.





Lthough the wings of my de - sires bee clipte, and my Loue thoughtes,

from moun - ting, from mounting lowlye boun - ded, though I suspect my ioyes with

frost hath nipt, So as my hopes, .ij. with feares, .ij. are still sur - roun-

ded, yet will I liue to loue, .ij. al - though through loue I die, and Cumbers still,

.ij. still do grow, and comforts from mee flie, No iea - lous thoughtes, .ij. shall force mee

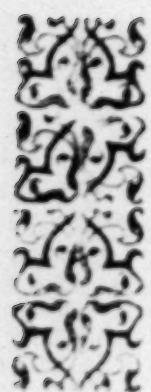
24

Lough the wings.

BASS

to re - tyre, but I will hope, .ij. .ij. to enioye my hearts desire.

C



Which likes to Loue, and yet *be same conceale,
 Remembrance chiefly working my relieuing,
 Though times of ioye be short, yet will I steale
 Such times, to keepe my heart from further grieuing,
 Force may remooue my looks, but not expell my ioy,
 Though Cupids shaft giue curelesse wounds, tis no annoy,
 Whilest life endures, Ile loue though seeme to shunne
 That Port of rest, from whence my comforts come.





Ight I redeeme myne er - rours with mine eyes, and shed but for each severall

sinne a teare, The summe to such a great ac - count should rise, that I should neuer make .ij.

mine Au - dit cleare, The totall is too bigge to paye the score, I

am so rich, .ij. in sinne, in teares so poore.

2.
O wretched wealth that doth procure such want,
Vnhappy soule to bee so rich in sin,
The store whereof doth make all graces scant,
And stops thy teares, ere they doe scarce begin,
What once a famous Poet sung before,
I finde too true my plenty makes me poore.

3.
O might I prooue in this a prodigall,
And bate my meanes by less'ning of my stocke,
I should in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,
If I could every day from forth the shooke
But pull one care, O ten-times happy want,
When teares increase and sinnes doe grow more scant.

4.
O that my God with such sweete strokes would strike,
And by his grace so bank-rout mine estate,
Thus growing poore in sinne I Lazar like,
Might dayly beg for mercy at his gate,
And craue (though not admittance to his feast)
Some crums of grace to feede my soule at least.

FINIS.



Basses.

Light I redemne.

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